

CHEERFUL CHIRPS

(By "DEL.")

Mostly nonsense, except in those rare intervals when a real idea comes along and is grabbed off.

Recently, when Charlie McGookin was to be initiated by the Eastern Star, not wishing to have his dad, Hugh McGookin, present to witness his discomfort, he hid the latter's clothes. After ineffectually hunting for them, Hugh sent over to Bob Mitchell's to borrow a suit. Bob's spare pants were at the cleaners, but Hugh got his coat, and clad in that and his overalls, attended the meeting of the lodge.

When Bert White was questioned about his qualifications to serve on the jury in the Perrin-Hughes damage lawsuit, recently tried here, he said that he was not qualified to serve, because he "didn't believe in capital punishment!"

Friday morning, getting ready to draw jurors for the Farrell murder trial, Judge J. E. Jones had the names of the hundred and fifty or so prospective jurors present in the courtroom placed in a box to be drawn from. Dick Connor, who knew his name was there, had just remarked that he knew he would be the first one called, when, sure enough, Clerk Tom Rees called Dick as No. 1. Billy Borum gravely announced to those sitting near him, that he would be No. 7. He was.

Neither of these fellows will ever get us into a poker game with them. Fellows with X-ray eyes like that ought to be forced to wear blinders. This is no place for a 'spectable cullud woman with jes ordinary close on!

The maddest man in town last week was Bob Taylor, who had just discovered that the clock he had wound up every day for the last 10 years is an eight-day clock.

We observe a very peculiar coincidence with the passing of 1919. There were no more women than men married here during the year.

FRANK BENNETT

Coal and
Wood

PHONE 3

J. G. Bozarth said he had such a cold all last week that he couldn't wash his face for fear of freezing the water.

George Negary and Harvey Brown have decided to go into partnership in a scheme to cut down expenses. One will board and the other lodge.

F. E. Brooks writes to know if we give information in answer to questions.

Cert. Mr. Brooks wants to know how the camel got his hump.

Contrary to the general belief that the camel's hump is his surplus supply of wet goods, the facts are as follows:

While Noah was loading the animals into the ark, the camels were so slow, holding back the work so greatly, that Noah, in exasperation, yelled: "Get a hump on you, there!" Just to be mean, they obeyed him literally.

On the road from Durham to Raleigh, N. C., a man named Smith is living with his seventh wife. In the front yard are the graves of her predecessors, each conspicuously marked with a slab. Corporal York has nothing on the present Mrs. Smith.

"Printer Wanted—One with some knowledge preferred."—Des Moines Register.

Our acquaintance with the craft convinces us that there is no other kind. It is only a question of how much.

From the Illinois Health News: "The word tubercular means formed like a tubercle, or having tubercles, and the dictionary defines a tubercle as being a small swelling. It is obvious then that unless a sanitarium or hospital is shaped like a pimple or a small swelling, or unless it is covered with pimples or small swellings, it cannot properly be termed a tubercular sanitarium or hospital. The same ruling may apply to the use of the term tubercular patient."

From the Pasadena Star-News: "To put it in another form of expression, Mother Nature maintains poise and evenness of temper in this state far better than in most regions on this terrestrial ball. If you haven't thanked God today that you are privileged to live in California it is not yet too late to do so. Make it a daily habit. The blessing is worth this frequent expression of gratitude to the All High."

In other words: Give us this day our daily climate, and forgive us our drops in temperature.

"Git up early in de mawnin' an' yo' all done livin'," said Charcoal Eph. "Sleep in de bed an' yo' all jes lak a bump on a log, fo' all yo' git out'n life. Try a biscuit, Misto Jackson."

"Well, no," said Jim Rupe when he was in town the other day. "I don't reckon there's any special news out my way. You see—ho! Come to think, though, there was a wedding tuther day of two of our most popular young society people. Just as the preacher was norting the important question, the groom gave a gullup, jumped out of the winder and defunct as the crow flies. We put chase to him, but he managed to get three miles or such a matter before we overtook him. Still, don't know as there was anythin' special 'bout the affair, considerin' that the bride was a young lady that dern nigh choked a constable to death a few months back, and the groom has always been sort of a nervous cuss, anyhow."

Nursery Love: We refer reluctantly and with somewhat of timidity, to the story of Cinderella. This young lady, it seems, was the Family Goat, and spent most of her time pushing a dust-pan from corner to corner, breaking the dishes and getting a clout on the bean when she aspired to fame. But one time a fairy put it over on her big sister by producing a carriage made of a pumpkin, with gowns and glass slippers to go with it. At the ball a Prince fell in love with her. At the magic hour of 12 everything turned back as it was, and in the getaway she lost a slipper. He located her with the slipper, signed her up for the movies, fixed her so she'd get a million dollars a year and named her Mary Pickford. Thereafter she did very well, considering the cost of slippers.

Ed Hash says that during his voyage last fall from New York to New Orleans, he called one of the passengers, who didn't seem to be feeling very well, over to his side of the ship, saying: "You can see two big ships sailing past from here." "You can have 'em both," the man grunted. "Don't call me again until you see a tree pass."

H. A. K.—Yes, society women are wearing rather scant gowns, but what can you expect. Are they not trying to outstrip one another?

Alf Dickinson said the other morning that the reason he had one of his stockings wrong side out was that there was a hole in the outside of it. Bert White said he'd had a hole in his, too, but he'd worn it out.

Bill Conley was describing the big telescope on Mars Hill to some tourists: "Do you know," says Bill, "those astronomers up there can point that telescope toward a church in Los Angeles and bring the church up so close they can hear the choir singing."

They announce that women's skirts will be from three to four inches shorter. Take off still another inch, gents, and Mabel will be fully dressed with a collar and a belt.

It's a great comfort to be left alone, says Decker Williams, especially when your sweetheart is with you.

Joe Crawford is kicking himself because now that one of his customers has left the city without paying his grocery bill he didn't charge him higher prices.

Tom Slattery said: "I saw Chet Black on the other side of the street. I thought it was Chet and Chet thought it was me, and when I went over, sure it was neither of us."

In setting up the Corey story last week of the reception of the king and queen at Grand Canyon, in the sentence:

"The king and queen with lesser suit were played as trumps," etc., the Sun compositor changed "trumps" to "turnips."

The boss' laughter over this mistake was as hearty as a poet's anger was frantic when, in a poem dedicated to his lady love, "He kissed her under the silent stars," appeared in print, "He kicked her under the cellar stair."

Charlie Clark says he knows a man who is so mean he keeps his money and securities in a trunk at the head of the bed and lays awake nights to hear them accumulate interest.

Woeber Smith says he knows one who was too mean to give his horse enough to eat and tied a knot in the horse's tail to keep its body from slipping through the collar.

Bill Hicklin says he's going to tell Simplicio Torrez that now the latter is going to be hanged he hopes it will be a warning to him.

Dad Powers says that the first time he ever saw a locomotive he thought it was a steam boat hunting for water.

Walter Lindblom says he got acquainted with twin brothers down in Chloride who looked so much alike that they frequently borrowed money of each other without knowing it.

In the days when we edited newspapers, instead of a mere column, the exchanging of personalities with editors contemporaries was a large part of the game; no editor of spirit shrunk from a duel of adjectives with the reptile down the street; and damned was he who first cried, "Lemme up!" No editor with a.b. in his v. would have been capable of the following apology from the editor of the Marengo, Ill., Sentinel and Democrat to the editor of the Republican, of that town:

"The undersigned in his editorial items of the issue of December 16, in no way meant to insinuate that the editor of the Marengo Republican was in any way disloyal. In fact I have always known him to be loyal to the core, and I take pains to reiterate our

HIGHWAY COMMISSION TO MAKE REPORT SOON

The county highway commission has been at work the past week arranging its maps and plats and apportioning the moneys on the various road projects that will come up in the event the people approve the \$300,000 bond issue. The projects will take all the money and more if it could be available, and if the roads are built under the projects as outlined Mohave county will have a real system of highways. The need of highways is apparent to all our people and there is little doubt that the road bond issue will be favorably looked upon by the property taxpayers. Mohave county has been greatly benefitted by the roads that have been constructed under other bond issues, and the present bond issue will be found to have more importance in road building than all the other issues.—Kingman Miner.

statement in the issue above named that he is a fine, loyal gentleman. And I desire that my readers shall so understand this point. I am sure after deliberation, that Mr. Farquhar's paragraphs concerning not liking democrats were in the form of jest and I feel that I did him an injustice by commenting on them as being facts, and I feel that he has this apology coming to him. I also acknowledge that I sent a couple of newspaper clippings to Mr. Farquhar through the mails, same being unsigned by me. Furthermore the editorial columns of The Sentinel and Democrat will in the future be free from personalities which may lead to misunderstandings and hard feelings.

"G. B. FULLMER."

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GEN. PERSHING IS TO COME TO ARIZONA

General Pershing's tour of inspection of the military posts of the far west and along the Mexican border will end the middle of February. The official program of the last half of the trip follows: Denver, Jan. 14; Salt Lake City, Jan. 16; Portland, Jan. 18; Seattle, Jan. 19; Sacramento, Jan. 23; San Francisco, Jan. 24; Phoenix, Ariz., Jan. 30; Tucson and Douglas, Jan. 31; El Paso, Feb. 1. A score or more of the patrol camps and supply depots along the border will be visited during this part of the tour. General Pershing reaching San Antonio, Feb. 4. On his return to Washington, General Pershing will prepare data gathered during the tour containing recommendations as to camps, posts, depots, etc., which should be retained permanently for use in future military emergencies.

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